

# The Tech.

VOL. VII.

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1888.

NO. 15.

## THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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Subscription, \$2.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. each.

FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



OWING to the shortness of the season and the unavoidable delay about getting the courts into playing trim, the Tennis Association has abandoned, as inexpedient, their plans for laying out the ground this spring.

The assessment has been abated, and nothing further will be done. It is unfortunate that our time is so fully occupied by grinding for the exams. that we cannot devote the time we should like to tennis and baseball, at the only season of the year fit for these sports. So we must leave the former till the fall, and the latter for the Freshmen to attain glory in.

A REGULAR order, or method of study, to be carried on throughout the year, is impracticable to many of us, because of unforeseen things which call us away from our work; but now that the annual examinations are upon us, and every one is supposed to have given up all

recreations and determined to "grind," is it not better to work with some method, rather than go in hap-hazard and fill our brains full of a conglomeration of nothings?

Many of our instructors recommend a survey of former examination papers, which, by the way, does not mean an ability to answer a certain question if it is put in a stereotyped form, but a thorough knowledge of that part of the subject to which it pertains; and certainly as a schedule by which to study, an examination paper is an aid.

During the examination weeks we have each a definite amount of study-time; and if we systematize this time so as to use it to the best possible advantage, we may not find some of our "ultra-tough" subjects so uncommonly hard after all.

The man who does the maximum amount of work in the minimum time, is the man who systematizes his labor.

AS students of the Institute we should all be interested in its well-being and attractiveness generally. It is not in our power now, at least, to render our *Alma Mater* any assistance, or bestow upon her any lasting benefit, but by following a few of the rules of common courtesy and care we can add to the general respectability of her appearance.

If there is any one thing that seems to us to partake of the Irish cabin, it is a down-trodden, bare space where it was intended that the grass should grow; such, for instance, as a large part of the space between the two buildings. We know that the students are all pressed by their studies, and like to save a little time whenever they can, but "cutting off" the corners of our lawn does not seem to us worth the candle.

THE TECH has already spoken of the advisability of establishing a lunch counter here at the Institute. The excellence of such a suggestion must be patent to every one; but could not the idea be enlarged and amplified, so that a sort of eating club might be formed, where the students who now take their meals in scattered restaurants and boarding houses would be brought together to one common place where they might obtain good board for very reasonable prices?

Thus a long felt need would be filled; and also by the students being more thrown together a feeling of unity and patriotism would tend to be developed, which is much to be desired. While a lunch counter alone would benefit only one portion of the students, if the feature of an eating club were added, there would be but a small per cent of students who would not be benefited by the advantages which it would offer. Such a club should not be the affair of one class but of all classes. At the same time '89, as the Senior Class of next year, might be expected to take the lead in getting up such a club. We appeal to '89's ambition to do all in her power for its establishment, that after she has left the Institute the club may stand as a memorial of her. If there is to be such a club next year, immediate action should be taken in order that officers may be elected, and the affairs of the club got into such shape that it may be ready to start in the autumn.

THOSE of the Techs. who have been enough interested in our foot-ball prospects for next year to visit the gymnasium, to see the practice which is daily going on there, feel greatly pleased at the outlook. It is most unusual for an eleven to begin practice so early in the year, and perhaps it might not be possible if we had a base-ball team, but we should all feel greatly encouraged by the energetic work of our new captain in getting his men to work so early. Such enterprise cannot fail to meet

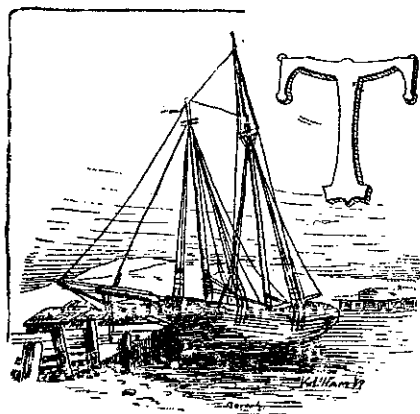
with its just reward next fall, and we can expect great things from the eleven if the present enthusiasm is any sign.

THE TECH has already spoken of the epidemic of mumps at the Institute, and of the carelessness which exposes every member of the school to the danger of catching them. Since then the epidemic has but slightly decreased, and we hear every day of some new victim. Just at this time, so near the examinations, it is especially hard to be laid up, and it seems to us that those in authority are greatly to blame for allowing the possibility of such danger to all to continue without lifting a hand to stop it. It would seem that men here ought to know better than to expose others to a contagious disease, but experience has shown us that they don't, or don't care if they do. We do not suppose that the Faculty would make any allowance on a man's examination paper for the fact that he has been unavoidably absent from recitations for a week or so, but we cannot help feeling that something ought to be done about it.

A LARGE class of students cannot be expected to arrive at a lecture or class-room just on the minute, and unless the room be open a short time before the beginning of the hour, those students who are anxious to derive the benefit of the whole exercise are obliged to hang around the corridors until the door shall be opened.

This is exactly what takes place every day with reference to the Freshman laboratory. The stairs and corridors are actually peopled with students anxious to begin their laboratory work. Their presence here in the passageway, together with the noise which such a large number must necessarily make, is very objectionable to all who are working near by, or who have to thread their way through the assembled crowd.

## The Azorian at Home.

*(Read before the Society of '88.)*

HERE are few Techs who are aware of their proximity to one of the choicest and most unique spots that it has ever been my good fortune to visit. On the placid bosom of the Atlantic, hundreds of miles from either continent, and isolated by language and custom from all commercial nations of the day, lie nine little islands, green all the year around, and inhabited by a class of people as unique and interesting as are the islands themselves. Situated in the Gulf Stream, the even warmth of whose waters is well known to all, the Azores rejoice in a climate not excelled, if equaled, by any other part of the globe. February is the month of the orange, while in June we pluck the ripe fig. Flowers and trees of all descriptions grow in profusion everywhere throughout the whole year, and the bare foot of the peasant requires no protection from cold or heat from one year's end to another.

The Azores are of volcanic origin, and the simple Islanders tell marvelous tales of *other* Azores that every now and then suddenly pop their heads up from under the sea, only to retire again as suddenly within its bosom. That the Islands are volcanic, however, cannot be doubted. The general shape of their many hills, together with the lava, pumice-stone, and boiling springs, are undeniable proofs to that effect.

Everything in regard to these islands is strictly Azorian,—their ideas, customs, dress, tools, and in fact everything.

Perhaps a word on the Portuguese language would not be inappropriate. It is, as you know, a sister to Italian and Spanish, and a first cousin to the French, but, to my mind, much more graceful and harmonious than either. For instance, there is only one nasal sound in the entire language. The final *o*, which, as is the case

in Spanish, ends two thirds of their words, is very soft.

The Government is Portuguese; and the least said of this the soonest mended, for most of the laws seem so utterly absurd, and so little adapted to the requirements of the people. For example, there is a heavy duty on ice, and education is almost prohibited.

Red tape envelops the post-office, the post-master publishing a paper before distributing the mail, that he may get ahead of the other publishers; and in the custom house the influential Portuguese carry everything ashore without its being examined. But these are Portuguese rather than Azorian characteristics. They prevail throughout Portugal and all Southern Europe. As I have said, the Azores are nine in number, but in our trip we will pass by the first two,—Corvo, the most eastern and smallest, and Flores, the greenest,—stopping at Fayal, the most Americanized, only long enough to call upon Mr. Dabney, the American consul, and taste his wine, large glasses of which are offered to his American visitors, and to buy some of the Fayal lace, so beautiful in texture, and far surpassing the Spanish in beauty and delicacy of workmanship, and very cheap. Mr. Dabney is an Englishman, but he married an American wife, which renders him worthy of American sympathy, and of the American consularship, which he immediately received upon accomplishing that feat.

Fayal is a small island of little importance, save for its lace and basket work,—in the shape of ornamental baskets,—and hats. Opposite Fayal is Pico, about six miles off. This is the highest of the group, being 7,500 feet above the sea. Very fine wine is manufactured here; but we have no time to stop if we would wish to reach our destination to-night. We pass also St. George, the longest of the group, Graceosa, the most graceful or symmetrical in form, as the name indicates, and Terceira, or third, which is the capital, and richest of the group, till we come to St. Michaels, situated nearly two hundred miles to the east of Fayal.

St. Michaels is the largest and most populous

of the Azore Islands. Ponta Delgada, the capital, is the largest city in the Azores, and the third largest in the Portuguese dominion. It is situated picturesquely on the very water's edge, enjoying a good harbor, which can be said of no other Azorian port. The city is made up of narrow, crooked, ill-paved streets, all tending toward one common centre,—the glory of the town,—the Plaza. This is a triangular-shaped plot of grassless ground, surrounded by dusty trees, beneath which are placed benches facing a pagoda-shaped edifice, and in which the military band holds forth three times a week. On one side of the Plaza is the English Hotel, very comfortable, possessing all the "modern improvements," as the Portuguese landlord would tell you, meaning thereby beds, chairs, soap, towels, etc. But they are all very good for their kind, and clean. The table is pretty good, consisting of a great many courses, but otherwise not much to eat. One dollar and twenty cents a day pays for the best accommodation the house affords. On another side of the Plaza is the Cathedral, being I have forgotten how many centuries old, and presenting something very unique in the way of architecture, being of the Moorish style, with low spherical dome, surmounted by an immense crucifix, and possessing at one corner a rather low tower, containing a chime of bells, which ring forth upon the slightest occasion. Inside the building is a very rare collection of old oil paintings, to say nothing of the sculpture and tile work.

On the other side of the plaza is what was once a Jesuit monastery, but now it is used as barracks for the soldiers; for you must know that St. Michaels has a large, tight-laced standing army. The Government has long since confiscated all the property of the religious orders within its realm. It is very interesting to go through this old pile and note the manner in which the Portuguese infantry has accommodated itself to the cloister of the monk; the commandant's headquarters being the old chapel, and his bed located where was once the altar. But you will not be allowed to enter within the vale before convincing the officer in charge that

you are not an emissary from America, sent to pry into the *modern* military improvements. The streets, as I have said, are small and crooked, possessing a sidewalk so narrow that its only use is to afford a refuge when mules and other animals dispute the right of way. On both sides of the street the tall, whitewashed, many-balconied houses rise.

The balconies are numerous, large, and usually heavily latticed, from behind which screen one can frequently catch a glimpse of the dark Moorish face and lustrous eyes of an Azorian senhereita. As soon as we leave the city the houses abruptly cease, but their place is taken by high walls (sometimes reaching 15 to 20 feet). These walls are always whitewashed twice a year, per order of the Government, that it may be less easy for an assassin to hide himself in their shadow.

So after leaving the city one could travel miles seeing nothing but the sky above, the road under foot, and a whitewashed wall on either side. These walls inclose the magnificent orange groves and ornamental gardens for which St. Michaels is justly celebrated, and protect them from thieves and from the high winds.

After passing through the garden district we come to the farms. Here the walls are so low that one can look over them and catch a glimpse of the blue sea and mountains beyond, or peep into a sweet-potato patch. However far into the interior of the island we may travel, we will not be able to find one foot of untilled ground. In some places men are even let down the side of a cliff in baskets to cultivate a small ridge where soil has collected. So much is Mother Earth to the Michaellese poor! So much do they prize it when alive, that they even grudge themselves a burial-spot when dead, and the "cemetery lot," as we would call it, of an entire family, is just large enough to admit of one coffin entering the ground at a time. Where many deaths occur in the same family in a short space of time, the coffins are placed one on top of the other. Otherwise after a certain definite period, the bones are exhumed, washed, tied up in a bundle, labelled, and placed in a box kept in

the same grave for that purpose. I think a crematory would make untold wealth in St. Michaels.

Situated about thirty miles from Ponta Delgada—in the crater of a partially extinct volcano—is the fashionable Michaellese watering place. It is a beautiful spot, placed in the very bottom of a deep cup, whose sides are formed by a circular mountain ridge; from the top of which rise up, at regular intervals, sharp peaks, giving it, in the early dusk, the appearance of an immense castle wall with the guard towers brought out in bold relief against the evening sky. This place is called Fúrnas, and the name is very appropriate, for this above all other places, seems to be the entrance into the hotter regions below. At any rate there are many places here where one is in direct communication with the very bowels of the earth. The entire bottom of the crater quivers and shakes many times each day, and at many parts hot water, black mud, sulphurous smoke, and volumes of steam, are continuously emitted. The hot water is utilized by the people in supplying their bath-houses with what they claim is a very medicinal bathing fluid. The same water is also drunk by persons in search of health. Here the chemist would find much to interest him in analyzing these waters, and the mineralogist could find specimens that would rejoice his heart.

But let us look in conclusion at the Azorian himself. There are just two classes, the rich and the poor, being an entire lack of that “well-to-do” class which forms such a large proportion of our population, wealth, or poverty of the worst sort; education (to a limited extent), or perfect ignorance is with the Azorian an accident of birth. Real worth or mental ability do not enter into the equation of life with them.

Once poor, always poor. The wages of the workingman (from eighteen to twenty-four cents per day), just suffice to keep body and soul together. The poor man's chief article of diet is cabbage soup, composed of a few cabbage leaves, a little lard, and plenty of water. With this he eats his *pao de mealho*, or meal bread, made of

corn meal, salt, and water. He usually has a sardine or two, which are caught off the island in vast quantities, and plenty of fruit; oranges, figs, guavas, apricots, moncas, and many other queer fruits with names queerer still. All the Portuguese poor want to come to America, but they are kept in the island by the “compulsatory army membership,” as they call it, to say nothing of lack of money to pay their passage. Their ignorance is *complete*, since they receive no education whatever, but they are the most cleanly class of poor I ever saw, being always arrayed in spotless white linen. They are always barefoot. The richer classes resemble in many respects their Continental cousins, being very proud and autocratic, and looking down with great scorn on anything not Azorian, for them Ponta Delgada is the hub around which the rest of the universe revolves. Their knowledge, of which they boast much, is very superficial, especially in regard to America.

They all have a horror of any new improvement or invention, saying, “My grandfather and father, both worthier men than I, lived without this new thing and were happy; why can't I?”

A few—very few—speak English imperfectly, and take every occasion to show it off. Once a gentleman rushed wildly out into the street, shook me by the hand like a long-lost brother, saying, “Goot-evenhing, zhir; goot-evenhing, zhir.” This was all he could say, but he must say that whenever the opportunity offered. Their dress is most exquisite, all “modern improvements” in this line coming directly from Paris. To see them promenading in the Plaza of a Sunday, bowing to each other and to any lady acquaintance they may happen to see, would put to shame many of our swells.

A word for the fairer sex, and I am done. The peasant girl is all that romance paints her, and more. The olive complexion, velvety skin, pearly teeth, heavy black hair, and dark, expressive eye, combining so much of fire and languor, are found in all their perfection in the Azorian peasant girl. This is a case of “beauty unadorned,” for her dress is most simple, consisting of a short skirt, bodice (I believe

this is the word), and handkerchief tied over the head. They lose their beauty, however, at a very early age, on account of overwork, I suppose.

The Azorian lady is another creature. She is seldom seen, the jealous husband never allowing her to leave the house unless she be accompanied by himself or a servant. In company she appears ill at ease and embarrassed, as though she felt the jealous eye of her lord were upon her.

I have already occupied more of your time than I intended to, without, however, touching upon many points that are peculiar to the Azorian, and will content myself with adding, that if you want to have a real good, jolly time during a vacation or a honey-moon, board an Azorian-bound ship, and there are many such, visit these islands yourself, and be convinced that what I have told you to-night is but an imperfect and partial description of one of nature's queerest handiworks.

#### The Last Director.

HOCHSTADT is a quiet little town, situated among the hills. It is, as perhaps you know, the capital of the Grand Duchy in which it is situated. Hochstadt has many things of which she is proud, but the thing of which she is most proud is the memory of her opera, at one time famous throughout Europe. To be the director of the Grand Ducal Opera House of Hochstadt, was an honor which any one in the musical world might covet. The last man to hold this position in the palmy days of the opera, was a young man of very unusual talents, who afterward became quite famous as a musician. He labored with unceasing energy to keep the opera of Hochstadt in a prominent position. Not content with the reigning artists, he was forever bringing some new star into notice, so that Hochstadt acquired quite a name as a school for prima donnas.

The production of a new opera was contemplated, and for the part there was only one person who seemed fitting; but she had quar-

reled with the Director, and refused to sing in the part. The Director was in despair, and had even got to the point of giving up the representation, when a letter arrived from the composer of the opera, saying that while in Hochstadt a short time before he had seen and heard a girl in her garden, just outside the town, who seemed to him to be the very materialization of his ideal in the opera. As long as there had been a question of the before-mentioned prima donna he had said nothing, but now he thought that it might be worth trying. The Herr Director did not think so, but still he was ready to catch at any hope; so, although it was already dusk, he took up his hat and started in the direction of the quarter indicated by the letter. As he went along he kept thinking upon what a fool's errand he was going; and as he neared his destination it seemed still more so, for there might be a dozen young girls who could sing prettily in that neighborhood, but he doubted whether any of them could sing exceptionally well. These reveries were interrupted by the soft melody of an old Volkslied, which seemed to float through the air. He drew near to the wall and looked over into the trimly-kept garden, where a young girl was watering the flowers, singing as she went. Suddenly she stopped and looked up, becoming conscious of somebody's presence. The Director raised his hat, advancing through the gate, came up to her, and told her what pleasure her simple song had given him, and promised her every success if she would consent to sing in the opera. Such a brilliant offer was not to be neglected, though she said that she thought that the Herr Director over-estimated the worth of her voice. It did not prove so, however, for at all the rehearsals the Director seemed more than satisfied; indeed, from admiring the voice he came to have an intense admiration for its possessor, which he made no effort to conceal; while she, on her part, unconsciously identified herself with his every wish.

At last the night of the production arrived. The opera house was crowded from the floor to the ceiling, for it was not often that two such



events as the production of a new opera and the *début* of a new prima donna occurred together. The heroine of the evening did not appear until toward the end of the first act. Every eye was turned upon her as, with an exquisite grace, she moved across the stage, at the same time pouring forth a stream of delicious harmony which held her hearers spellbound. There was an instant's silence as she disappeared behind the scene on the other side, followed by a loud burst of applause. There was no more doubt as to her success, and as the opera proceeded she drew that whole vast concourse after her, working them up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that, toward the end, the scene became one of wild excitement, which made the walls fairly reverberate with applause. In fact, such an event had not happened in Hochstadt for years. From such a success it was but a step to the position of prima donna in the Grand Ducal Company; in which position the versatility of her talent was as remarkable as her wonderful acting and singing. Whatever feelings she might lack for her profession, it was made up for by the feelings for the Director.

The Director of the Royal Opera at Kronburg asked as a favor that the name of the prima donna of Kronburg might be put upon the programme of the performance to be given upon the Grand Duke's birthday. As there seemed to be no objection to this plan, it became an accomplished fact. All Hochstadt gathered to hear this famous singer, in expectation of a very brilliant performance; nor were they disappointed; every little detail was most carefully looked to. The naturally fine voice was controlled with wonderful skill, in strict compliance with the most approved methods, while the acting was most studied. Perhaps had they stopped to think, they might have thought it a little artificial and stiff. The inhabitants of Hochstadt were quite carried away by a performance of such consummate art, and voted all that they had before admired very untrained and inartistic, so that in compliance with the popular feeling their own prima donna resigned in order to make room for this new star which

had risen so suddenly. In fact she had no heart to continue in her place any longer, for the Director had followed the popular craze, and completely dazzled by the brilliancy of this new luminary, he had thrown himself at her feet, quite forgetful of all that had gone before. These attentions were accepted just so long as they could be of service, but when they were put into competition with the smiles of no less a person than the Grand Duke, they were most scornfully rejected, and the Director tried to absorb all his thoughts in his profession.

After a year or so the voice of the prima donna began to show signs of weakness, for she was no longer young, though well preserved. In vain the Director remonstrated. The Grand Duke's favorite must remain the prima donna even though she could no longer sing as she used to. And thus the opera at Hochstadt began to lose its reputation, and one no longer heard of the remarkable beauty of the performances there given.

One night, in the midst of what was thought to be the crowning piece of the opera of the evening, her voice cracked. The house hissed loudly, while the Director, completely overcome, threw down his baton and hid his face in his hands. He felt that he could stand it no more; he had done his best to maintain Hochstadt among the rank and file of the first opera houses in Europe, and had seen it gradually becoming poorer and poorer, because of the insane policy of keeping an incompetent prima donna, for no one of talent cared to sing with her, and now he saw that he would be obliged to relinquish his ambition, and go elsewhere. From this reverie he was aroused by hearing the song continued from behind the scene; for this song is always partly sung behind the scenes, the singer not entering until toward the end. The voice is full of sweetness, and brings back the memory of by-gone days, and in a few minutes that same slight figure which had not been seen there for so long, came, almost as it were, floating down the stage toward the footlights, the people greeting their old favorite with a perfect storm of applause. The performance was carried

through with the old accustomed fervor, greatly to the delight of the spectators. But how was this rapid change from one actress to another effected? Ever nursing her old attachment, the former prima donna was accustomed to come to the opera that she might see the idol of all her fancies. When the crisis occurred, thinking only of him and his disappointment, she slipped through the stage door and behind the scenes, from which position she continued the interrupted song. As to the detail of costume her own plain dress was more or less appropriate to the part. All Hochstadt was in an uproar. The resignation of the prima donna was demanded. The Grand Duke called it a personal affront, and though he stormed a great deal about it, he finally agreed to retire the prima donna on a handsome pension. Restored once more to her old position, the young singer became once more the centre of attraction; but what she cared for much more was the love of the Director, which came back not as the mere admiration which he had given her before, but the true love of the man was laid at her feet.

About a year later the opera house was burned, and as at about the same time the Grand Duchy was confiscated by Prussia, it was never rebuilt. The Director removed to one of the large cities of Europe, where his talents gained for him a considerable reputation, while the genius of his wife became famous throughout Europe.

### The Wail of a Lost Soul.

Classmates gather close around me,  
Screen me from the prof's dread eye;  
This exam. I'm forced to pass it,  
Or, my classmates, fond good-bye.

Often, often have I struggled,  
Wasted cans of midnight oil,  
'Till I carefully had mastered  
Poker rules contained in Hoyle.

Then I entered the arena,  
Struggled, fought for red and blue,  
Wasted all my shining shekels,  
Left my board bill overdue.

Help me, help me, now my classmates,  
In my sad and woeful lot;  
If you ever hope for pardon,  
Help me win this big jack-pot.

— *Trinity Tablet.*

### Among the Sheep.

THE spring shearing on the ranch was over and the sheep had been turned out to recover from the effects of the necessary rough handling of the shearers and to prepare for a three days' drive to the summer range which lay on higher ground to the northward. The shearers had departed, and with them the noise and bustle, leaving the ranch in its normal quiet state, save perhaps in the extra labor of shoeing a half-dozen saddle horses for the drive. The lull of excitement was acceptable to us all for a few days, but it was not long before the younger of us would-be ranchers became restless and expectant. A few wild cows with calves straying on the scene afforded an outlet for our spirits and we soon had them in the big corral. Then followed the excitement of branding these with the comical result of us all sitting on the corral fence when the cows were released from the lassoes. The following day an order came from the city for six hundred mutton sheep, which was very agreeable to us, for it meant that the whole flock of six thousand sheep had to be searched through for the largest and fattest wethers. Bright and early next morning we were out scouring the range for the sheep, and by nine o'clock had them all collected into one huge band. These we drove along for an hour longer, till the heat of the day drove them into the shade, and there we left them; for had there been a man to every sheep, we could not have driven them any farther before the end of the afternoon. Toward the middle of the afternoon we returned to the band and succeeded in setting the sheep in motion a little while before sundown, finally reaching the corrals before darkness came on. Before sunrise next morning we began selecting the mutton sheep by the process of "legging." Several hundred of the sheep were driven from the large corral into a smaller one, a part of these then into a smaller pen still. At one end of this enclosure there was a chute some eight feet long, at the other end of which there swung a gate allowing a communication with either of



two pens, one at a time. Two of us, with two dogs, drove the sheep into the chute, while a third operated the gate. All the large sheep, and also those affected with a disease of the skin, known as "scab," were run into one pen, whereas the smaller sheep and lambs were allowed to pass into the other pen, which communicated with a second large corral. When the pen containing the large sheep became full, we all jumped in there and began the "legging." First all the sickly beasts we seized by the left hind legs, and ushered out, wheelbarrow fashion, through a side gate. Next, all the small sheep, that had come into this pen by mistake, were pulled out and sent to rejoin the great mass of small sheep that had been passed through. The mutton ewes were then separated off, leaving no sheep in the pen save large wethers. There were in the flock more than enough large sheep to fill the order, so we only selected those big wethers which were over four years old. All under that age, however large, were allowed to go free, because they would still grow. In order to determine the ages of the sheep it was necessary to look at their teeth, for it is only after the age of four years that the sheep have eight permanent incisors. At the age of three years there are six permanent incisors and two milk teeth; at two years four permanent and four milk incisors, and so on. A surprise was in store for a few of us to whom legging was new, and a very athletic surprise it was too. We found that holding a hundred-and-ten-pound wether by the hind leg was like holding on to the piston of an engine going at the rate of a hundred strokes a second, but we soon found out the way of manipulating. With the right hand seizing the left leg of the sheep, one lifts his heels into the air, and then with a shove in the ribs by the left hand rolls him over on his back. If the teeth show the proper age he is forced out into the proper pen with the other muttons. The liveliest work comes when there are but a few left in the pen, for then they show a decided propensity for jumping over one or knocking a person's legs from under him. This legging lasted till the afternoon, when we turned our at-

tention toward the scabby sheep. We drove those through the wool shed to the pen joining the "doctoring" trough. The disease seems to be parasitic, and is best cured by application of tobacco juice or arsenic solution to the affected parts. In the present instance we heated up a solution of arsenic and sal-ammoniac in a vat, and then drew it off into a trough, which was about four feet deep and ten feet long. Seizing the sheep by the hind legs we pitched them headlong into the trough, along which they swam. The sheep usually sank below the surface when thrown into the arsenic solution, but to insure a perfect soaking, a man with a pole having a Y at the end, shoved each sheep under the surface as it came along. After the doctoring bath, the sheep stood for a short time in dripping pens, and then were released to join their fellows.

The band, minus the mutton sheep, was driven that evening to a field of several hundred acres, where it could easily be collected, and next day it began the journey to the summer range.

#### A Tale of Venice.

"AND now, sweet lady, away to the boat! Holloa, there, old man! a crown if you ferry us to the Plaza. What, fellow, you do not stir? Well, another wants the gold; as you will; so come, milady—gently, gently, there—bravo! a pretty leap; and now, boy, away with you!"

Thus the gay lords and their ladies sauntered slowly forth from the palace, and dispersed to their homes.

As the clock struck two but a few of the merry-makers remained in the house, although it was still brilliantly illuminated.

Down by the water front there was not a gondolier to be seen, save one old man who seemed to be enjoying the intense silence of the summer night as he gazed out upon the sea, evidently absorbed in some subtle meditation, for at short intervals a most peculiar unearthly light would illumine his face, to fade away however, as quickly as it came. Indeed, a more

strange looking being it would have been difficult to find. His peaked hat, wet with salt water, was pressed upon a ghastly head, covered with long, matted hair; his attitude was expectant, as if awaiting tidings from the sea that were evidently of a joyous nature. He remained for about a half hour, when, seeing little chance of conveying any one across the canal, he commenced preparations for leaving, slowly unfastening the clanking chains which bound his gondola to the pier.

Out of the palace gates, now illuminated only by the silent beams of the moon, there issued, oblivious to all surroundings, two persons. Even the most skeptical believer in the charms of amour's powers must have found pleasure in contemplating a picture so beautiful, and could not fail to see that there existed between the two those ties which lovers cherish so highly. The taller of the wayfarers, a youth, seemed to have good cause for his blind infatuation of his companion,—a young girl, winsome and graceful, triumphantly upholding the fair reputation of the beauty of Italian women. Breaking the stillness, she asked, "Whither do you take me, Vario?"

"Across to the Picenso," he answered, "where there may still be a boat awaiting us."

So they hurried on through the deserted city, and in a few moments were standing on the edge of the little street which formed the landing for the gondolas.

"Good luck," cried Vario; "there is still a boat in waiting; in a few moments we shall be home. What say you, old man, can you set us safely on the other side to-night? Well, fool, you do not answer; speak, there is no time to be lost." But the old man paid not the slightest attention to the youth's questions. Whereupon Vario turned to his companion,—*"Step in, dear Viola; we cannot afford to wait; to-night I shall be your gondolier."* In proof whereof he picked up the oar, and was about to push off, when the old man, who had slowly been completing his preparations for leaving, silently wrested the oar from him, and taking his stand in the stern of the boat, paddled out into the

lagoon. So skillfully did he use the blade that naught but the rippling of the water broke upon the intense quiet which enshrouded the night. Indeed, the very silence lent additional awe to the person of the old man, for he stood as one entranced, gazing with a vacant stare toward the sea, as if trying to unravel from the tumbling waves some hidden secret by which he might direct his course.

The youth and Viola, who, alas for the blindness of love, saw nothing alarming in the appearance of their gondolier, enjoyed to the utmost the romance of the situation. They talked of love, of knights and ladies, of the dear old castles and their mysteries, which, awakening thoughts of their own happiness, Vario repeated again and again his vows of love and devotion; how nothing under heaven could ever separate them; soon the blessed day would be at hand, and then they would live in an ideal world of happiness.

"Dearest Viola," he continued, "we ought indeed to be contented. All things which tend to make pleasant the life of mankind we have tasted; the world has been a kind and gentle mother to us—never a thought of woe or anguish to disturb our blissful existence. If there were only more who could feel as we, who could cast off the evil by which they imagine themselves overwhelmed, how merry all the world would be. There may undoubtedly be suffering and distress, but there is always in return some redeeming happiness. Do we not see it? If I were wretched beyond expression, my love for thee would be compensation for all. I love thee, Viola; nothing but — why! look! a storm is approaching! Merciful Heaven, we are out at sea!" Turning to the gondolier, he cried: "Accursed knave! You dared take us here, knowing the dangers of the waters! Put back at once, or, by the saints, you shall not live!"

The old man, however, answered not a word, but still continued his fiendish way toward the open sea. Already the rain was commencing to fall; muttering thunder followed upon the flashes of lurid lightning, revealing at intervals

the turmoil of the threatening waves ahead. Vario, seeing that his command was not obeyed, became furious, and demanded the instant return of the boat. The storm was now upon them; torrents of rain fell from the skies; the sea, lashed into fury by the shrieking wind, became a boiling mass of foam, threatening at any moment to engulf the luckless gondola. The youth, goaded to desperation, rushed upon the old man, determined to obtain control of the boat at any risk. As he was about to seize him he suddenly stopped as if transfixed; a horrible shudder convulsed his frame; he cried in agony: "I cannot touch him; my strength fails me; I am powerless. Viola, speak to me! Answer quickly! Look! Watch him! Heaven be merciful, he intends to drown us! This is horrible! Whoever you may be, fiend, you shall not succeed." And thus he sprang upon the gondolier. They struggled with the passion of despair, knowing that it must be unto death. The waves rose higher; the storm raged fiercer; with a last effort Vario tried to overpower the monster; but, alas! even the anguish of death could not prevail against the strength of the old man. With a cry of despair and agony the youth, clasping his senseless bride in his arms, was thrown into the sea, and sank beneath the waves.

The old man, gazing now with the flame of hell in his eyes upon the grave of the lovers, picked up his oar and drifted out to sea.

#### Noticeable Articles.

WHO knows anything about Portugal? The question may excite surprise. Are we not all well educated? and did we not all study geography at school? It is astonishing how many things what are called "well-educated" people think they know until they are examined; and as for our geography at school—well, I turned to a copy of Harper's School Geography, which happened to lie on my shelf, to see what the children of the great American nation were taught respecting Portugal, and I found the following: "The commerce of Spain and Portugal is comparatively limited. Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is the largest city; it is the principal

commercial and manufacturing city of the kingdom. Oporto, the second city, is famous for its port wine." That was all. What delightful terseness of style and picturesqueness of description! How the children must learn to love geography taught them out of such books! It is as pleasing and instructive as that cramming of names and dates which goes on in school under the name of history. And of the fruits of such instruction do not we at the Institute of Technology know through the medium of our entrance examinations? For as geography is reckoned a grammar-school study, the pupils' information is apt to be limited to such accounts as the one I have just quoted. I think it will be found that there is not at present such a thing as a high-school geography to be found in the school-book market. There is no more demand for one than there would be for a primary-school treatise on the calculus. This would be a strange state of things if school education were not the very domain of unreason.

Ignorance about Portugal, however, is not confined to schoolboys. The library of the Boston Athenæum is very rich in books of travel, but on the shelf devoted to Portugal I found the other day only eight or ten volumes, mostly old, or by travelers who had not been far away from Lisbon. But a few years ago there appeared a really instructive and entertaining account of the unknown interior of this little-visited country, purporting to be written by one John Latouche. John Latouche soon turned out to be Oswald Crawford, English consul at Oporto. Mr. Crawford had been many years a resident, and was perfectly acquainted with the difficult language, and he determined to explore the country in the only way in which, in the absence of carriage roads, the interior could be explored, and that is on horseback. It is needless to say that his lodging was of the roughest, and his principal food "stale oil, black bread, and dried fish." If any reader wants a book of travel in the Old World which will be absolutely new, we commend him to Mr. Crawford's, about a country which, perhaps, he took it for granted that he knew all about. We will wager that not one in ten of our readers will know which of the United States to compare it with in size, or will not be surprised when we state that its population, all told, is not so great as that of London. And yet Portugal, side by side with Spain, took the lead in the exploration of the new world, and had her Golden Age in the time of Emanuel the Great. If

any reader should stumble on Clements Markham's book about Prince Henry the Navigator, as we did once on a bookstall in Paris, he will find it is interesting reading.

In the *Fortnightly* for April this same Mr. Crawford has an interesting paper, entitled "Spring-Time in Rural Portugal," and a very idyllic picture he gives of the little-known interior of Northern Portugal, where he himself owns a farm. "Here, a man may look about him," he says, "and forget how the world has grown older and sadder. Here he will see the ploughman and the carter guiding oxen, in size and shape such as the ancient Romans bred, yoked to such primitive ploughs or carts as we still can see on Greek or Roman coins; . . . the people's language is liker to the old one that came from Rome than any still extant; and ploughman, and waggoner, and reaper, the shepherd in his goatskin coat, and the maiden with her distaff, might all take their places in some such rural procession as we see sculptured on a Roman bas-relief of the Augustan age." The secret of this is, that Portugal is a little protectionist paradise, sheltered by a Chinese wall of prohibitive duties from the invasion of modern ideas. There they can still rejoice in the "unimproved plough made of a crooked tree-branch, the unimproved cows that give but a fifth of the milk of a Gloucester or an Alderney, the grass-blades slowly and painfully reaped by a toy reaping-hook, and carried long distances on the heads of men and women." But they are all so happy and contented in their ignorance, that Mr. Crawford, free-trader as he is, cannot help dreading the time when the besom of modern improvements shall sweep it all away; or asking whether there may not be other ideals of life besides that of getting rich as fast as possible. At any rate, his charming paper makes the reader long to go and see this little Old-World paradise before it disappears, though, indeed, there is little present danger of that.

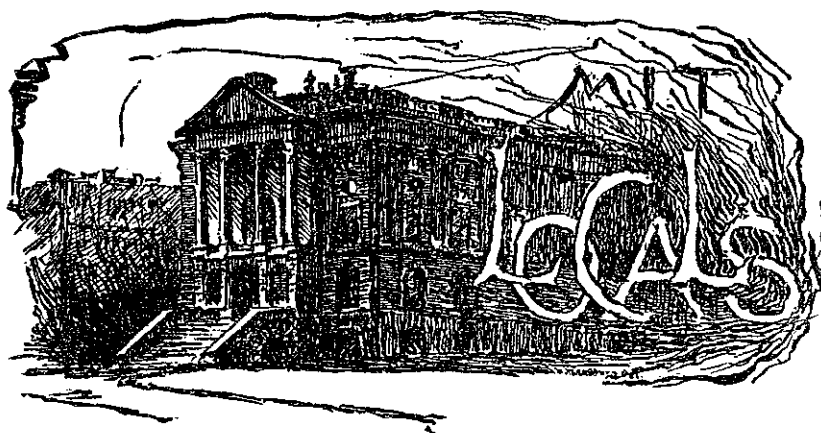
From Portugal it is not far to North Africa, and in the *Contemporary* for April, versatile Mr. Grant Allen, who makes every subject he touches interesting, gives us quite a new view of that little-known region; for he maintains that, physically and geographically, it is not part of Africa at all, but part of Europe, and that the true dividing-line begins with the Desert. "All the existing fauna and flora of the Atlas region — in which I will venture to include the human inhabitants — entered the country from north-

ward, from the European land area. The plants and animals are simply the plants and animals of Spain, Sicily, Italy, and Sardinia. The birds are just the larks and thrushes, the ortolans and plovers, that range over the greater part of Europe. The reptiles and insects are equally familiar in form and character. It is only in the extreme south, on the borders of the Desert, that true African types, like the panther and ostrich, begin to appear as mere northward stragglers." Nevertheless, he has to admit that superficially and at first glance things appear wonderfully Oriental and unfamiliar, as indeed they are depicted in the prettily illustrated article in *Harper's* for May. This mixture of characters would seem to make it a fascinating country to travel in; and here, again, readers who have comfortably taken their geography for granted will find a great many new ideas. "It is surprising," he says, "how firm a hold Roman civilization took upon all these rugged upland valleys. . . . Roman amphitheatres, baths, and temples of extreme magnificence, even far among the mountains, still stand as monuments of Roman times. Aqueducts span half the gorges and ravines. Mosaics and inscriptions turn up by the dozen. Nowhere in the world outside Italy do Roman ruins and Roman remains strew the soil in such astonishing numbers as in Algeria and Tunis."

It was the Mahomedan conquest that for twelve hundred years has cut off this outlying portion of Europe from its natural connection with the rest. Now it is rapidly being restored again. Morocco alone, the finest province of all, still stands out against civilizing influences, and Mr. Allen devoutly hopes that it will be France, which is running railways in back of it, and not moribund Spain, that will get it. Whoever has been accustomed to look with contempt on France as a colonizing country, will read with surprise that "for energy, thoroughness, and organizing ability, nothing like Algeria is to be seen in any British colony." There seems a fatal difficulty, however, with France as a colonizing country, and that is lack of men. For some mysterious reason the population of France does not increase.

W. P. A.

It is stated on very good authority that the fourth number of the *Technology Quarterly* will be out next week.



Five-cent pools are all the rage in '90.

Tickets for the Freshman drill are in great demand.

Mr. Kirkham, '87, was in town for a few days last month.

The 2 G held its annual dinner at The Thorn-dike the 9th.

Over 4,000 tickets have been issued for the exhibition drill.

The fifes are a great addition to the regulation Freshman drum corps.

Fashion Note: Broad grins will not be much worn until after the exams.

A number of changes in the Industrial Laboratory are contemplated for next week.

Mr. Barnes lectured to the Locomotive Engineers on April 26th, 27th, and 28th.

Ninety-one will celebrate their "passing" their first annuals by a grand class supper.

Quite a number of men not intending to return, will not take the annual examinations.

*Professor:* "What is the derivation of Lager?"

*Student, in third-year German:* "The tap, sir."

A certain instructor was lately seen at the Thorndike; we suspect he was taking the attendance.

Where are the artistic posters that generally announce an Architect ball nine at this time of the year?

The K<sub>2</sub> S will entertain the professors of the Chemical Department immediately after the examinations.

In view of the good work done by the Freshman nine, it certainly deserves better support from the class.

A Technology gun club has been formed. Several scratch matches have already been shot on their grounds at Jamaica Plain.

The Y. M. C. A. have leased the Union Grounds for the summer months, intending to use them for outdoor sports of all kinds.

The *Herald* misled many Tech. men in regard to the Harvard races. We are at a loss to see how it could allow a mistake to appear twice.

Many interested Tech. men witnessed the Harvard class races last week from the Union Boat Club house, as well as from the "back alley."

Work on the tennis courts has been abandoned, and the ground has been taken possession of by a howling mob of aspirants for the Bijou Nine.

The rainy weather of last week and the week before may have helped the grass on the tennis courts, but it was fatal to several very choice spring suits.

Lectures on Architectural History, illustrated by stereopticon views, will be given during the remainder of the term to the second-year men, by Professor Clark.

The statistician's blanks for '88's Class Day are out, and contain several new features. A prompt return of the same, carefully filled out, will oblige the statistician.

A whole army of photographers shot at the Freshman battalion last Saturday. There ought to be some good pictures, for the battalion showed up in great form.

By the character of the audience at the '91 game in Providence, we should be led to believe that Brown College was entirely composed of extremely juvenile freshmen.

The Athletic Club has elected the following officers for next year: President, N. Durfee, '89; Vice-President, R. L. Russel, '89; Secretary, J. L. Batchelder, '90; Treasurer, E. L. Hamilton, '90.

*Errving, '89 (rehearsing for amateur theatricals at 11 P. M.):* "Go to, thou doting chur-r-l!"

*Spoker, '89 (from next room, dreamily):* "See yer two, an' go yer two better."

*Professor (criticising the defects of European Cathedrals):* "What is the matter with Cologne Cathedral?"

*Architect (awakening suddenly from a deep sleep):* "She's all right; she's a la-la."

At the class dinner: F. & G. (two of "the boys") are seated one on either side of L., who does not drink.

G. to F. (drinking L's wine in addition to his own): "This is *entre nous*, don't you know."

F. (desperately): "Yes, but the d—l of it is it's nearer you than me."

*Professor:* "Can you tell me, Mr. P., why that letter 's' is on the end of the word?"

"Why, certainly," replied the judicial humorist of '89, who always knows it all, "the word is used as an adverb."

"I think you are mistaken; it is a misprint," remarked the Professor, with a sad, far-away look on his face.

*First-year man:* "Say, Cholly, what do you think of Speedee? I am afraid he is rather rapid. I just saw him with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and last night he was coming home from a five to six lecture. He spoke to some people I don't believe he knew, saying, 'Ah, there, stay there,' and so on."

*Second year:* "Well, I don't know; he can't be very bad; he is a regular, and an '88 man. By George, though, he is fast; why, he is in the two eight class." They go and have an orange phosphate.

The sunbeams penetrate the boughs,  
And play with soft caresses  
Upon her white and spotless robe,  
Among her golden tresses.

I watch the sunlight as the shade  
O'er her sweet form it chases;  
Now resting on her dainty foot,  
Now hiding in her laces.

Ah! would that I the ray might be  
That kisses now her shoulder,  
That smiles so sweetly on her face—  
Oh, would that I were bolder!

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," I said,  
"If I am too inquiring,  
But what great deed, what noble thought  
Is now your soul inspiring?"

"Oh, Thomas dear! are you still here?  
I'd really quite forgotten;  
I was wondering whether my new boots  
Would be lace up or button."

### Tech '91, 8; Brown '91, 0.

At Providence, on April 30th, the Freshman nine defeated the Brown Freshmen by a score of 8-0. The Tech. nine formed as follows: Germer, l.f., Davis, 1b., Highlands, p., Mansfield, c.f., Hale, c., Urban, 3b., Ensworth, s.s., Holmes, 2b., Clarkson, r.f.

The best work for Tech. was done by Highlands, who struck out twelve men and led the batting.

Brown secured but two hits during the game. The score by innings:—

Tech. '91: 0 4 2 0 0 1 1 0 0—8.

Harvard, '91, and Tech., '91, played a seven inning game on the Union Grounds, Monday, May 7th. The batteries were: for Harvard, Luce and Mason; for Tech., Highlands and Germer.

The Harvard Freshmen batted well, and by bunching their hits and good base running managed to score fourteen runs, while Tech. brought in but three. Urban did the best work for Tech. Mr. Ladd, '88, umpired the first four innings.

There has been much talk of the '90 Electricals playing a game of ball with the '90 Mechanicals, and our special correspondent has been loafing around various ball-fields in the hope of obtaining a concise and truthful report of the game; but either the teams have played in the country somewhere out of his reach and suppressed the score, or the whole idea of such a contest was simply a Sophomore fairy story intended to deceive the unwary.



## College Notes.

There is a flourishing debating society at Johns Hopkins, known as the "Hopkins House of Commons," and organized, as the name would indicate, on the same plan as the English House of Commons. A ministry is elected to hold office until defeated on some issue supported by the opposition. Some of the bills presented during the past year have been: "To put the United States into Possession of the Telegraph"; "To Prohibit Employment of Children"; "To Restrict the Right of Aliens to Hold Real Property in the United States," etc.

Harvard will send an astronomical party early in the summer to Peru, to make high-altitude observations, and to investigate the advisability of establishing a station in the Andes.

Brown University has just been presented with \$20,000, by Alexander Duncan, of Scotland.

Ninety-two of Yale's graduates have become college presidents.

Ex-President Hayes has been offered the presidency of the Ohio State University.

Over one hundred Cornell students have pledged themselves not to patronize the Ithica stores, because the town authorities have forbidden them to give the college yell in the streets.—*Ex.*

It is very likely that the long-talked-of international foot-ball match will be played next fall. The English eleven, now on its way to Australia, will probably extend its trip to New York, and play the winner in the Harvard, Princeton, and Yale league.—*Crimson.*

The college of Mexico is the oldest college in America, being fifty years older than Harvard.

The average weight of the Yale University crew is one hundred and sixty-nine pounds.

The New York *Tribune* contains the following: "Professor Richards, on Monday, said, 'There is no danger of the Overseers of Yale following the example of Harvard in the matter of athletics. Not only do I consider wholesome

athletic exercises beneficial, but necessary, in college life, and the best way to promote them is by means of the intercollegiate games. A good athlete is generally a studious pupil; but, of course, there are exceptions.'"

The *Exonian* recently celebrated its tenth anniversary by a reunion of all the men who have occupied positions on the editorial board. A dinner was held at the Parker House, and about sixty invitations were sent out.

W. Byrd Page, the champion high-jumper, occupies a position as clerk in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's repair-shops at Hetoona, Penn.

The Senior Class at Cornell has voted to give a cinder track to the college instead of the usual class memorial.

The following colleges have reported more than one thousand students: Harvard, 1,690; Columbia, 1,489; University of Michigan, 1,475; Oberlin, 1,302; Yale, 1,134; North-Western, 1,100; University of Pennsylvania, 1,069.—*Ex.*

The Alumni of Exeter and Andover in Princeton have made an offer to the Faculties of the two academies of a very handsome silver shield, to be contested for in a series of nine annual debates between representative speakers of the schools.

The committee of overseers appointed to consider athletics at Harvard, voted "That the Faculty be requested to prohibit any undergraduate from taking part in any athletic contests, with the students of any other college or with any organization not belonging to the University during the college year." The majority of the board is not in feeling with the committee, however.

The three-mile course on the Schuylkill over which the University of Pennsylvania crews row, was surveyed last winter while the river was frozen over, and is, therefore, absolutely correct.

In the Inter-Collegiate League since its foundation, Harvard and Yale have each won twenty-nine games, so this season's work will be particularly interesting.—*Ex*



## DISLOCATED.

As he sat on the sofa beside her,  
A bit closer than plainly might seem  
Was required to allow conversation,  
On the strictly conventional scheme,  
In a moment of careless abstraction  
His arm had slipped slightly astray —  
And encircled her waist — and he somehow  
Had forgotten to take it away.

With an arch little smile — and an effort  
To act real severe, she inquired —  
“Does your arm pain you badly this evening?  
If it does — you’ve my pity inspired.”

Quite undone with amazement, he queried  
What the drift of her question might be:  
She replied, “Oh! I thought it might pain you,  
It’s so much *out of place*, don’t you see?”

— Yale Record.

“Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth.” — *Merchant of Venice*.

Talk about Venus and all her charms,  
Filling the heart with tender alarms,  
A more fitting theme is mine by far,  
The wash-lady “sassetty’s” evil star,  
The eye of a lynx, face of a sphynx,  
A merciless brain, which only thinks  
“It’s owin’ me tin dollars ye are;  
It’s time ye were payin’, mister R.”

Ah, there she stands like a Roman sentry,  
While the boys skip out the other entry;  
But sooner or late you will meet your fate,  
And you’ll settle that bill, disconsolate

— Yale Courant.

## RIGHT THERE.

A maid with a smile as fair as the skies,  
A gallant who for nothing e’er tarries;  
She casts him a glance with archness replete,  
He knows the deep meaning it carries.

“Kind maid, pray answer my query bold;  
Were I to impress,” said he,

“The seal of love on your waxen lips,  
Can you tell me what you would be?”

“Kind sir,” quoth she, with coquettish glance,  
“Your conduct is shocking, very;  
But as for your answer,” — with modest blush, —  
“I’m sure I’d be — stationery.” — *Ex.*

## AT THE GERMAN.

Soft music filled the dancing-hall  
With measures sweet and low;  
Over the polished floor we tripped  
The light fantastic toe.

And as we swiftly whirled about,  
Her lips she gently stirred,  
And quickly forward then I leaned  
To catch the whispered word.

I hoped to hear some word of love  
Thus spoken as we danced;  
She slowly raised her eyes to mine  
And then away she glanced.

How cruelly my hopes she dashed;  
In accents short and terse,  
She softly said beneath her breath,  
“I wish you would reverse.”

— Williams Weekly.

## A PARADOX.

Full oft I’ve been told that contraction  
Tends greatly to lessen the size,  
So I thought to my debts I’d apply it;  
Succeeding, ’twould indeed be a prize.

But now the reverse I have suffered;  
My creditors give me no peace,  
For I lately have learned to my sorrow,  
Contracting debts make them increase.

— Yale Record.

## A TRIOLET PARODY.

I did flunk to-day,  
Will I flunk to-morrow?  
Be that as it may,  
I did flunk to-day.  
But, base fear, away!  
No pain I’ll borrow,  
I did flunk to-day,  
Will I flunk to-morrow?

— Courant.

## HOMO QUOQUE MUTABILE EST.

Within his watch there dwelt a face;  
It was, he thought, the safest place  
For beauty fair and queenly grace,  
Within his watch.

“Exams.” came on, he had to brace;  
Cribs he prepared, the villain base,  
To take the precious picture’s place,  
Within his watch.

— Yale Record.

*Mamma, (reading):* “And the Lord called Samuel —”

*Fohnnie, (a young American):* “What did he hold?” — *Ex.*